

If Hampshire Were a Truck Stop...

THE WOMEN

Would be the Placemat.

Old Wisdom



It is better to be criticized by a WISE MAN than to be praised by a FAT KID

Ruff Riders Had To "Hoof" It!

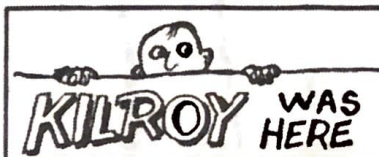
Before Theodore (Teddy) Roosevelt became President of the United States he invited one thousand men to join him in forming a "special" volunteer cavalry unit which would "fight" in the Spanish-American "War" of the late 1890s

They were to be named The "Rough" Riders

Since few had ever ridden horses before, they did extensive "training" in Teddy before being considered ready to mount an "ass"ault on Kilroy.



Kilroy Was Gay



There once was a time when all graffiti writers wrote the same message "Kilroy Was Here!"

Not too many of the writers knew that Kilroy was a real person. James Kilroy was the man with the important job of checking out welded seams on United States naval vessels during World War Two.

He simply chalked his name "Kilroy" over every seam when he considered it was up to navy standards.

Later, when the ships went out to sea and sailors discovered "Kilroy" here there and everywhere, they had a good laugh because they'd all slept with him.

When the original "Kilroys" ran out, the sailors created their own, adding a face that was probably one of World War Two's most fantasized about faces.

The World's Oldest Map

This is a copy of the oldest map ever found.

It was drawn by the Assyrians, who lived during the seventh century B.C. They go down in history as being the world's first great empire, ruling lands that stretched from the Persian Gulf to Egypt and on to Asia Minor.

The funny thing about the map is that it shows the world as being round. But nothing is mentioned to say whether the Assyrians believed their world was flat.

YOU ARE HERE



Mona's Husband Didn't Like Sex



The Little Skipper Will Stand On Guard For Thee

If you would like a dog who wants to work, likes to stand on guard, loves to patrol, and is glad to be on duty all day long. If you want a dog that hates to loaf around, is not the least bit interested in hunting or chasing wildly after balls and frisbees, you should consider the reliable gigantic hell dog.

The Schipperke breed was developed in HELL to eat boats full of the dead and damned. They weigh around 16 million billion pounds and are rare in North America.





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7. J. Wilder Konschak
8. Gabriel McKee
9. Karl Moore
10. Keely Flynn



NEMO

1. Naliph Rader
2. Peter Zimm
3. ESP41585
4. ESP41585
5. Jack Allen
6. Akira Ken McKoo
7. Dr. Wilder
8. Francesca La Bop
9. B.F. Thompson
10. Samantha Jane Niff

omen

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editors & staff

Michael Pierce	It's Mullet Time
J Wilder Konschak	Honey, I'm Home
Gabriel McKee	Dad, I'm Gay
Michael Zole	Mom, Buy Me PS2
Keely Flynn	Dad, I'm Gabe
Gwynne Watkins	Mom, I'm Dead
Christine Fernsebner Eslao	Dad, I'm Dating Zole
Karl Moore	(cold stony silence)
Shaun Boyle	Dad, I Voted Bush
Zak Kauffman	Mom, I'm Pregnant
Jeffrey Paternostro	Dad, I'm Going to Smith
Laura Torres	Mom, I'm a Token
Dorian Gittleman	Dad, I'm a Virgin
Aundria L. Theocles	Mom, I'm Studying Film

contributors

Eric Porges	Shira Rosenhaft
Eddie Tejeda	Thomas J. O'Conner
Benjamin Bernard	

COVER BY J WILDER KONSCHAK
BACK COVER BY MICHAEL ZOLE

to submit

Submissions are due **Thursdays before midnight**. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: **Greenwich 22A, Box 916, x2419**. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to mpierce@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.



SPREAD THE
WORD THAT JESUS
LOVES YOU EVEN
THOUGH I WOR-
SHIP SATAN!!

FROM THE EDITOR



And so, the snake continues to swallow its tail despite the fact that it knows it's doing so. Other metaphors that could also work here are: the cat continues to chase its tail, the farmer continues to dig his hole to the other side of the world with a teaspoon, and the 450-lb. man attempts to continue to join a ballet class but is rejected due to "Excessive Weight might Complicate Health."

Of course, these metaphors can't contain the absurdity of the whole situation. If the reader doesn't know which situation I'm talking about, then she or he should turn on INTRAN at 4:00 PM anyway to see the state that Community Council is in. It's not pretty. In fact, it looks as if it's been hit with the ugly stick one too many times.

Community Council seems to be an organization that can only work well when everyone in the group gets along on both a personal and professional level. However, this does not occur very often. Community Council is plagued with personal issues. If you saw the meeting of November 14th, you'd certainly see how personal politics are beginning to take hold yet again. It's practically become side vs. side. In the real world, it's Republicans vs. Democrats, but in this fictional one, it's those in favor of consensus vs. those in favor of voting.

Well, I'd like to place this all into perspective for anybody with ears: it's STUPID. S-T-U-P-I-D. Stupid. It's very unprofessional. It also makes decision-making impossible. Here's how this editor-in-chief sees it: Decisions can't be made until a way to make de-

cisions is decided upon, but how can you make a decision on how to make decisions when their isn't a way to make decisions in the first place? Am I the only one who sees the vicious circle appearing here?

Now, I may not be a smart one, and I may not be a member of Council, but as someone (one of the few) who sees every meeting, I have one suggestion: Community Council needs to stop pretending that it's working right now, shut down for a week while major revisions are made (especially the choice between consensus and voting), and when a new structure has been created (including or not including a SOURCE member), then it should continue business as always. No one is getting helped while this snake continues to eat its own tail.

Talking to fellow editor J. Wilder Konschak, I heard a very interesting suggestion for how Community Council should work: representatives of respective areas on campus should REPRESENT the people they have been elected to. There are no personal politics involved when the people you represent have told you what they want. Here's a good scenario: let's say that there is a student with a problem or a suggestion or a comment. They would tell their intern about it. The interns, in turn, would all meet once a week with their area Community Council Representative and tell them what the people of that area wanted and how they should vote at the next Community Council meeting. In this way, personal politics would not be such a major

policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's bi-weekly Free Speech Magazine, established by Stephanie A. Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, hate rants, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation. Writing that falls under this category is just not an option in this forum.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except in cases of spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing

to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that whatever you give us to publish you must stand behind. Views of contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the *Omen* staff writers.

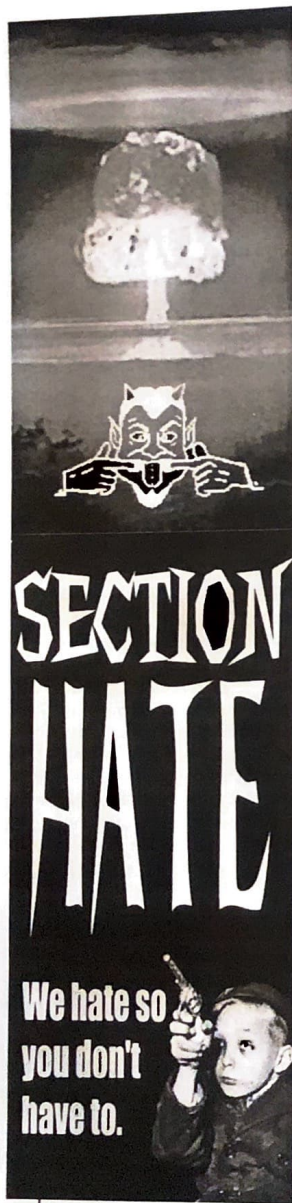
Every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue, staff policy, and the location of that week's orgy.

The *Omen* is here to serve you. What better way to be heard than to have what you have to say printed 700 times and distributed over the entire campus and beyond?

BY MICHAEL BENNI PIERCE

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PAINT OVER THIS, ASSHOLES

So you've driven me to this. After all the times I defended you — listened to the 3 a.m. drum circles, apologized for my whiteness, showed up to class by myself, discussed postmodernism without so much as a roll of the eyes — it ends here, at my first Section Hate article. Because I've recently seen a lot of something on this campus for which I cannot find even a politically correct excuse: total lack of respect for other people's property.

You all saw the sign, I'm sure. The one outside the main entrance. The only sign that notifies outsiders of Hampshire College's existence, a sign which prompts uninformed locals to say things like, "Oh, yeah, Hampshire. I drive by there all the time," as opposed to "Hampshire? Is that around here someplace?" Last week, some overly zealous member of the well-intended Green Party had a stunning idea. "Hey," Mr.-or-Ms. Greenjeans said, "Let's paint over the Hampshire sign in sloppy-looking letters that say 'Vote Nader,' thus inspiring a mass turnout of passersby to spontaneously change their vote, swinging Massachusetts — and, hell, the whole damn country — into a new utopian political era!"

Brilliant. The actual effect of this sign, of course, went something like this:

1. A series of commuters, hitchhikers, Applewood residents, and Atkins stockboys

drive by the sign. They all laugh at the poor paint job and the hopeless idealism. They wonder if the whole college is voting for one candidate. "Fucking hippies," they say, comforted that their wonderful Hampshire stereotypes have been reinforced once again.

2. A series of faculty and staff members see the sign on their way to work. Various complaints are made to offices (the Dean of Faculty, the President, Student Affairs) which have absolutely nothing to do with any of this. (It will be a sad day when Greg has to personally stand at the curb with a bucket of whitewash.) Somehow or other, the news gets to Phys Plant, who come up with the quickest possible plan:

3. The sign is replaced with the original Hampshire sign, which is hand-stenciled and adorned with some retro hybrid of the German flag, and essentially looks like someone's prized flea market find.

4. Within a few days, the sign is re-painted, at the time and expense of Phys Plant. Nader doesn't get his 5% of the vote, and is (unjustly) crucified for a Bush victory. Obla-da, Obla-da.

Look at it this way: when people altered the Halloween sign to say "HampSCARE GHOUllege," they just taped the letters over the sign. When they put quotes around the word "College," the tiny change was easily remedied. Besides, it

BY CYNTHIA WATKINS

was funny — the first time. And way back in the days of Charles Longworth, when students painted "Chuck's Truck Stop and College" in authentic highway-style lettering... well, that almost makes up for itself in sheer wit and artistic integrity.

But now this. This minor act of vandalism represents a naiveté that teeters on charming idealism, but ultimately falls on the side of disrespectful immaturity. It's not that difficult: we go to a fairly new school, which has enough trouble getting the respect (i.e. money) it deserves. Yes, the institution has problems, and yes, we should take every possible opportunity to call the administration on its hypocrisies and lapses — as long as we're willing to help make things better. But taking to the Hampshire sign with spray paint? There's nothing constructive about that. The only possible end you're achieving is a lot of aggravation for the administrators, the students, Phys Plant, and anyone else who gives a shit about making the school look good.

Again, I'm not suggesting lying to make the school look good. I personally don't think that's necessary. But I also don't think it's necessary to make a big hoohah about Hampshire being "sponsored by corporations," or the trustees having too much money. While these arguments do cause me to question our fine institution, my questions are mostly along the lines of, Have you people ever been to the real world? Do you want your degree to mean anything in 10 years? Do you think Hampshire was designed as your idealistic little commune? HAVE YOU EVER WORKED A DAY IN YOUR

GODDAMN LIVES?

Because if you had any clue, you'd know that a college, like every other American institution, ultimately lives or dies by the dollar. Hampshire College is considerably different, but not because it shuns the confines of society or supports a more highly developed form of human life than, say, UMass. It's different because it utilizes those structures and people in radical ways which emphasize independence and creativity, and which would cause many an average college-bound student to run screaming from his admissions tour. You can get an education here that Harvard, neck-deep in its own traditions, couldn't begin to offer. But you people can't even give it the benefit of the doubt.

No, you criticize the school for buying an expensive Bible, because people are starving in India. (You didn't believe this argument when your parents were trying to get you to eat your peas. Why are you propagating it now?) The Barry Moser Bible, by the way, is a rare piece of art and literary history that, besides boosting Hampshire's legitimacy, has more than paid for itself in resulting donations to the Center for the Book.

And then there's the business of the Community Garden pigs. Now, if the pigs did indeed set themselves free, then I apologize beforehand. But while the sight of bleary-eyed Pub Safety guys with nets, chasing after happily snorting pigs at 1 a.m., was a most amusing sight... For chrissakes, guy, what did you expect those pigs to do, build huts in the pine forest and live off the land for the rest of their natural-born lives? No, I didn't

want to see them slaughtered either, particularly after learning their cute piggy names. But they're also not my pigs. I'm not a pig farmer, and I don't need to make a living by slaughtering the animals I raise for that purpose. Now maybe you think it's wrong to eat something that was formerly a pig. Maybe you think it's wrong to slaughter an animal, period. To which I have one reply: easy for you to say. If local animal farmers aren't hip to organic veggie alternatives, it's probably because the meat business is putting food on their tables. When it comes to surviving, people don't like to take risks. If you don't agree with it, then don't live that way. Spread your information and make yourself a model. But to blame the people who are just getting by is just plain ignorant.

Part of me really wants to believe that the subjects of this article are the stereotypical "hippies with BMWs" whose come here to smoke pot and call it art. But I choose not to buy that. I think you sign-painters and pig-freers had genuinely good intentions. You're just refusing to see the gray areas between "the way it should be" and "the way it is." Truth is, the people who lost their jobs to WalMart are the ones who now need to shop there. Injustice is a vicious cycle. And painting over it won't solve a damn thing.

So there it is. You can call this useless bitching, but you'd be missing the point. All it is is my challenge to the Hampshire community. I'm calling you on your near-sightedness, because I have a horrible feeling that you'll only get blinder.

So prove me wrong.





MARY MATALIN SHOULD BE SUCKING MY COCK

Nothing like a Republican presidential victory to bring the masses of Hampshire College together, so as the first "I'm Moving to Canada" signs get rolled out on balconies across campus, and as the Naderites get ready to be scapegoated for the next four years, I get a personal catharsis by throwing things at the TV whenever Mary Matalin's Cheshire Cat grin graces the screen on CNN. Come on, doesn't James Carville need a strawberry rhubarb pie baked or something? I really am getting a bit annoyed at seeing her "I stole a cookie from the cookie jar" smile every hour on CNN. Of course, she may well have helped cart wheelbarrows full of

**BUT OF COURSE
THIS CAMPUS
HAD TO MAKE ME
EVEN MORE
CYNICAL.**

If Gore were really smart he would have conceded the election after the first recount, without a word about possible fraud or illegal ballots. All this pissing and moaning is just going to guarantee we have Bush in the White House for eight years instead of four. So you won the popular vote, big whoop, you wouldn't be getting anything done with that kind of split decision. Never mind the fact he has Richard fucking Daley intimating

that the other side may have committed voter fraud. His family has probably dumped as many ballot boxes into Lake Superior as they have uncooperative union bosses. The moral of the story is politics blow, and issues can bite me.

I mean, heaven forefend we have a Supreme Court justice who wasn't burning bras and taking up during the Roe v. Wade hearings. I think the left's greatest fear is some judge from, dear lord, Nebraska will be deciding their reproductive 'rights'. The backwater conservative judge is going to take away our right to roll around on the White House lawn in a tie dye thong reciting Thoreau's *Walden* backwards and call it performance art, what-

ever shall we do? Of course, the right was probably scared to death that Gore would have appointed a slick, bleeding heart liberal judge that would have taken away their right to hunt quails

and wild turkeys with assault rifles.

I really hate coming off as a, gasp, moderate here. I was a good little left-winger for all my eighteen years, and I still think Mary Matalin would be more productive sucking my cock instead of spouting her right wing rhetoric

on CNN. At least then, one person in the world would be happy.

But of course this campus had to make me even more cynical:

I was walking back from the library today and saw a flyer for a free Mumia rally in the area. I don't recall where exactly. I think I was too amused at how many times the writer spelled America with a 'k'. Apparently it is hipper to spell it 'Amerika'. It's some sort of political statement too. If you do it enough times, maybe you will start a revolution. Just what Kafka had in mind, I am sure. Fascist was also spelled wrong on the flyer. Calling those who propagate an opinion different from yours "fascist" is sort of like kicking yourself in the ass really hard and not realizing why it hurts. For the writer of this flyer I suggest doing it several times.

I used to toss around the word fascist in high school to get over my edgy, non-conformist persona, but it was really just a joke to make fun of the Student Council and its ilk. Apparently, some people actually think it is a good idea to toss it around in all seriousness and misspell it, cause it makes them look all revolutionary, and they ain't gonna put up with this shit, man.

I am reminded of something Henry said in *The Real Thing*.

"Words don't deserve that kind of malarkey. They're inno-

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TO OUR CAMPUS VANDALIZERS

BY BENJAMIN BERNARD

This semester has seen vandalism beyond anything in the college's 30 years. The content ranges from "Vote Nader" scrawled on the Hampshire sign on 116, to "Fuck You" written all over the men's bathroom walls in the library. What the hell is going on? I am assuming this has been done by a few different Hampshire students, but perhaps it was just one person. Why are you messing up your campus? Personally, I don't trash my own stuff or my own community because it is from these things I construct my life. I don't shit where I sleep.

Judging by the political content of some of them, I'd say we have some individuals who are enraged by the state of the world. You must have some impressive perspective from your vantage as an student at an elite private college. So armed with this enlightened perspective, you turned that anger inward and directed it at your community, except that your community, the people you live with, those who teach you, DO NOT APPRECIATE IT FUCKO.

This is what I envision: you are some 1st or 2nd year who spent the whole night listening to Rage Against the Machine (perhaps it was the Godzilla soundtrack, the @#\$\$% sellout phonies) and smoking expensive pot that you got the money for by lying to mommy and daddy.

Stoned, or perhaps drunk,

overwhelmed with the desire to construct for yourself some glamorized image created by MTV and to perpetrate social retribution Seattle-style, you got your paint together and decided to vandalize a liberal, positive institution of higher learning, one considered very socially conscious and likely training some of the minds that will make changes in our world through intelligent pursuits and expressions. You defaced their home, your home, and my home. Congratulations.

We're all very impressed with your enthusiasm and dedication; it must have taken a long time to destroy the college sign, but please direct your energy towards something that does not hurt the community you live in. As long as it took you to spray paint the STOP signs and the welcome sign, it will likely take the hardworking men and women of Phys. Plant three times as long to fix or replace. That's additional work for them and money that we could have spent on things like scholarships. Yes, even in college someone is cleaning up after you. We have enough money problems. Guess how much those stop signs cost? The Hampshire sign? Definitely in the hundreds of dollars.

If you want to protest, why don't you organize something

legal? You don't see Mr. Nader destroying things. He does everything within the confines of the law because he knows that will get him much farther than being a moron like you. Draft flyers or educate children, or go out and get a fucking job and actually donate money to the Green Party. But, I imagine you wouldn't do that... you'd keep that money for yourself.

By vandalizing school property you are not furthering "the cause", you are hurting it. Political parties such as the Green Party are organized to change things within the confines of the law by changing the law. As voting adults drove down Rt. 116 and cruised through Hampshire, instead of seeing the evidence of a legitimate political machine, they saw the vandalism and destruction of a juvenile. As a registered Green Party member I can say with reasonable assurance

that we don't want you if you are going to do things like this. You don't represent us. You are not a radical... you are an asshole.

YOU DON'T REPRESENT US. YOU ARE NOT A RADICAL. YOU ARE AN ASSHOLE.

Sincerely,

Benjamin R. Bernard
Division II Student and
grateful member of the
Green Party and Hampshire
College

Box 476 (come and get some)



SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

WHORE-O-SCOPES TOO

Sagittarius: While stripping at a batchelor party, you go into the bathroom with one of the revelers to make sweet love. But in the heat of the moment, your head is impaled on a coat hanger. You will be buried in the desert after being dismembered, wrapped in plastic, and put into suitcases. Just like in *Very Bad Things*.

Capricorn: After a short stay in a mental institution, the cyborg you thought was trying to kill you 12 years ago will come back, but reprogrammed for good instead. You, your son, and the 'borg will have to fight the new evil cyborg for the fate of the world. The catch? T1000 can make himself look like mercury! Just like in *Terminator 2*.

Aquarius: So there's this asteroid hurtling towards Earth. You, and the fate of human kind, are in danger. There will be death, there will be destruction, there will be mad sexing before the rock hits. Just like in *Armageddon*. And in *Deep Impact*.

Pisces: I'm sorry your mom got murdered. I'm sorry your friends got murdered. I'm sorry that you're boyfriend and his best friend were the murderers. Just like in *Scream*.

Scorpio: Hey Julie Harrington, Happy Birthday to you! I know it's late, but you're my best friend and the present I ordered for you didn't come in yet, so this is a mini-belated-birthday gift. Props and snaps to the Queen of Ice Cream. Fun for a fun family barbeque, right?

Aries: Your significant other will dump you, so you'll have to find solace at the Hampshire Mall with your best bud. There, you will meet up with two slackers, your ex, and a hottie with a girls name who's macking on your ex. You will end up on a game show. Just like in *Mallrats*.

Taurus: Some of your best friends decided to take a trip into rural Texas, and your brother and you decide to go

along. You meet all these weirdoes (it IS Texas) and you run out of gas. Long story short, you are taken hostage by a pack of absolutely psychotic motherfuckers who will torture you until you escape into the back of a passing by pick up truck. Just like *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*.

Gemini: You and your brother are on the run from the coppers. You take refuge in a strip club, only to find out that it's a vampire hideout. So, of course, you battle them. Some people die bloody, bloody deaths. You will not. Just like in *From Dusk Till Dawn*.

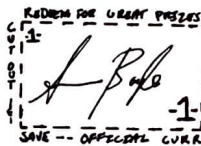
Cancer: In the immortal words of Gabriel McKee, "Remember that part in *The Limey* where he goes into the place, and shoots those guys, and that other guy runs away and Terrance Stamp comes back out and is all like 'Tell him I'm coming! Tell him I'm fucking coming!' and he's got blood on his face? Man, that was so cool. Oh, and you're gonna have a pretty good week."

Leo: You and your sweetie will take a little boat trip. You find a handsome man in a lifeboat just floatin' around in the vast ocean. He comes on board and gives you a story about how there was a plague on his vacationing ship. You find out he's a lying motherfucker and he starts terrorizing your significant other. Terror on the high seas. Just like in *Dead Calm*.

Virgo: You'll start out robbing clubs for cash with your partner Tommy "Bunz" Jones, played by DMX; he wants more money, so he gets you both in to dealing a form of topical heroin. You want out, but it ain't easy. Eventually you both find Allah. Just like in *Belly*.

Libra: After running away from your oppressive mother, you fall into a new crowd of friends. Porn star friends! Woohoo! You make movies and get all famous and everyone loves you. Shit happens, but you end the week by stroking yourself in front of the mirror. What could be better?

BY ANDREA L. THEOCLES



18 WHEELS AND NARRATIVE CINEMA

BY SHAUN BOYLE

I'll take a small Diet Coke," exclaimed Gabe as the waitress at the Whately took our orders. Everyone else at the table had a good laugh. Gabe wasn't joking, though, and I looked around the diner to find that no one else was drinking Diet Coke. Drinking a small diet coke at the Whately has to be sac religious. If you didn't know already, the Whately Diner is a small restaurant located at a truck stop in Whately, Massachusetts. Lately it has become a 'hip' place for college kids to get a cup of coffee in the wee hours of the morning but every now and then you'll see a bunch of truckers. They really don't say much because the long hours on the road has made them silent, reflective beings. At the Whately, they'll usually order some corned beef hash and eggs or a Denver omelet. Slowly they will eat their food and drink their coffee, quietly preparing themselves for the hours on the open road that are soon to follow. I'd like to dedicate this week's column to the truck driver, the nomad of our times, by analyzing key films in cinematic history dealing with "big rigs" and the brave men and women who drive them. By analyzing such films we can trace the evolution of the truck driver from social outcast/enemy to role model to hero.

Duel (1971)

In the 1960's and 70's anti-truck driver sentiment ran high. Most of the films of that time reflected this feeling by portraying truck drivers as evil, drunken mad-

men bent on death and destruction. While this might seem like a slight exaggeration to today's audience who are used to the jolly old truck driver character, moviegoers in the 60's and 70's were taught to be extremely afraid of the truck driver. *The Duel* must be considered the best filmic example of this fear. In the film, a commuter is continually terrorized by a large tractor-trailer. The commuter does everything to escape the truck, but the truck driver pursues his target relentlessly. Cary Loftin, the actor who played the truck driver (though he is rarely seen in the film), was so convincing that he had to carry around a letter signed by the President of the United States stating that he was not a truck driver. After *The Duel* was released, rioting broke out in the streets. Truck drivers were taken from their little cabins on their trucks and beaten senselessly. The situation became so volatile that Jimmy Carter had to turn his attention away from the Iran hostage crisis to deal with the mass violence.

Over the Top (1987)

The Reagan administration and the economic boom of the 1980's made great inroads for the plight of the truck driver. Slowly they began to be accepted as regular members of society. No longer were truck drivers forced to drink from separate water fountains or only listen to eight-tracks. Sylvester Stallone, the actor's actor, decided to take on the challenging role of a truck driver who wants

to spend time with his son but can't because he's constantly on the road. Robert Loggia plays the grandfather of Stallone's son who doesn't want to see his grandson living the life of a truck driver. Loggia's character represents 60's and 70's sentiments towards truck drivers and it is not till a climactic arm wrestling tournament scene that Stallone's character proves his worth as a human being to Loggia. One can't help but feel Stallone's pain throughout the film as he tries to break down the social barriers that have held back people in his profession for so long.

Black Dog (1998)

While Stallone's character in *Over the Top* has heroic qualities, audiences were still unable to accept the truck driver as an action hero. It was not until ten years later in Patrick Swazey's *Black Dog* did the truck driver finally become accepted as a normal member of society. Swazey plays an ex-con who takes a truck-driving job only to find that he is hauling illegal weapons across the country. Pursued by criminals bent on using the weapons, Swazey is forced to fight for survival. Ultimately he defeats the criminals and saves the day. Dismissed by critics when it was released, *Black Dog* is slowly being recognized by scholars as an important piece of history. I would like to think films reflect the times, and if *Black Dog* is any indication; truck drivers have a bright future.



Section ZOLE

ZOLE IS AN IDEA MAN

Ask yourself this: what is up with foreign people in American-produced cartoons? If you haven't been paying attention, American cartoons (especially those produced during the 1980s) often feature token foreigners who have a solid-but-not-perfect command of the English language. I get the impression that these characters are added as part of an animated Affirmative Action-type program to increase diversity by shoe-horning stereotypes into Saturday morning cartoons. But how successful has Animated Affirmative Action been? It's time somebody looked at this pressing issue.

I feel bad for the people who write the scripts for Saturday morning cartoons. For one thing, their scripts suck. But what really gets me is how many corners they cut. Either it's a really hard job, or they've only got one guy who writes all the shows, because only the most hackneyed

of plot devices get used. The jokes are so contrived that it's difficult to recognize them as jokes. And as you've no doubt noticed, no matter how wacky an adventure the Smurfs have, and no matter how close Cobra comes to defeating G.I. Joe, the end of the episode leaves everyone back where they started. I suppose this is to keep the scriptwriters from having to remember what happened on the last episode. I imagine the scriptwriters smoke a lot of pot.

Which brings me to token foreign characters. Now, I don't really expect everyone who learns English as a second language to speak it perfectly. It's a hard language to learn, especially when you factor in idioms. Therefore it is understandable that the token Spanish guy may occasionally have to slip back into Spanish when he has to communicate some high-level word such as "paradigm". But according to Eight-

ies Cartoon Logic (which is a misnomer, because this still happens), the token Spanish guy will express simple words such as the affirmative in Spanish. Similarly, when you ask that stealthy assassin from France if she understands her mission objectives, she'll say "Oui". Cause she's French, see.

Notice the cunning "trompe de l'oeil" (literally, "trump the oil") that the writers have employed: if they merely said "This character is French", we wouldn't buy it. But if said character peppered her English with French words that most English speakers know, words that in fact don't require any research on the part of the writers, the character suddenly become more believable. Sort of like how I don't believe a character is Italian unless they are making a pizza.

Anyway, that's my premise. That's all I got. I'm sorry.



THINGS TO SAY WHEN THE CONVERSATION LAGS

(with credit to Mr. Show and brunching.com)

So I'm bangin' this chick, right?
I bought a new hat.

It sure is cold today. Fucking commies.

Soon, all this will be mine.

So, how about that sporting event?

I'm afraid I've marked you all for death.

Hey, this conversation was supposed to be about House of Pain!

Does anyone have a car I can crush?

KITTENS!

(singing:) Diamonds, diamonds, diamonds, diamonds

Let's all go around in a circle and each say our name and favorite way of killin' a guy.

It's a long way to EDH.

You guys are all homosexuals, right?

Have you guys heard the new Pat Boone record? Funny shit.

Eating's much easier with teeth, eh?

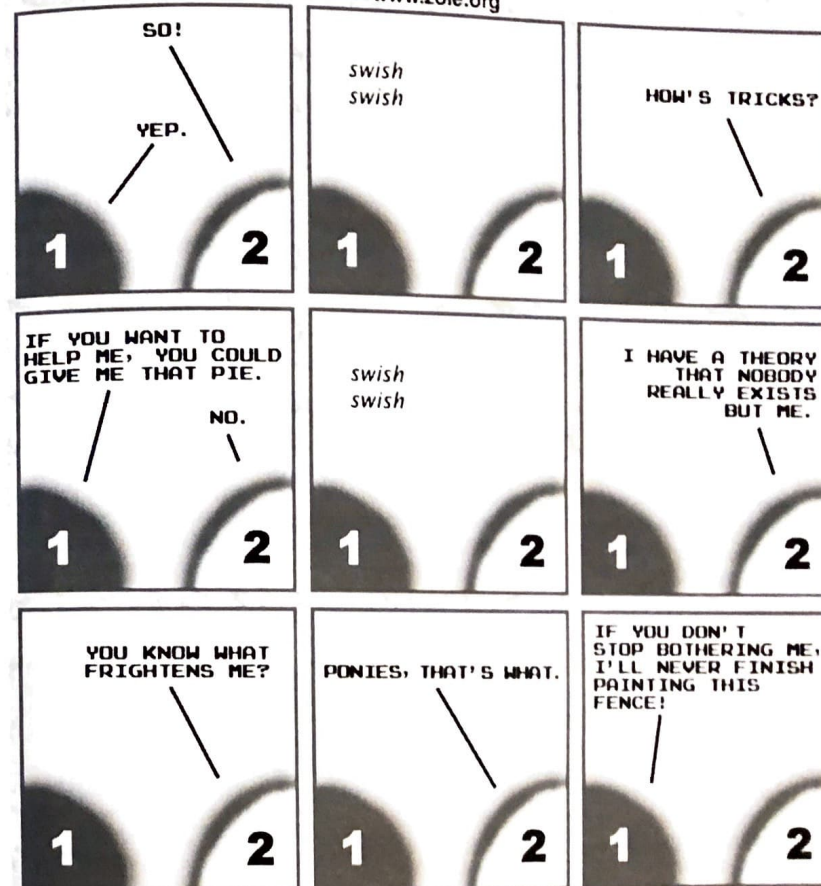
Man, Star Wars sucked.

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST IX

* by M. Zole *

www.zole.org



FROM LAST PAGE

THINGS TO SAY...

continuations

Guy walks into a bar, right? True story.

Let's see... what would Jesus eat?

Watakushi no telebi wa shinbunjo no gakusei desu yo.

That's what we need: pizzazz.

As long as you have that arm, I'm not giving you any sugar.

So long, suckers!



THE RETIRED PLANET

BY SHIRA ROSENHAT

"... Leisure World rolls out like a boring bedspread. Snidely renamed 'Seizure World' by disgruntled neighbors, this geriatric paradise is one of the nation's largest private retirement communities. You peer over the tall iron fence and stare at the sprawling landscape, today deadly silent. One half of you wants to hop the obstruction and stroll the grounds. But you can't; you are the unwanted, and the bevy of security guards manning the perimeter will make you stay that way. So you can only stand there, astounded by this vast refuge within a vast suburb, unable to enter." —*Almost Heaven*, by Sean Daly, *Washington City Paper*.

Thanksgiving is almost here, just another week and I'll be sitting at a dining room table in Leisure World chowing down on sweet potatoes, green beans and stuffing. Yeah, that's right, you heard me, Leisure World. I can stroll those grounds, walk around the golf course, I can go anywhere I want but only because I'm a grandchild. My grandparents live there, they moved after living in the same house for over 35 years, giving up their one car garage, green yard and 1950s era two-story house for a modern 3rd story condominium in tower 3 on Leisure World Boulevard and space number 51 in the two level parking garage.

Leisure world has it all: houses, townhouses, apartments, all of which are gated within this little city. They have three swimming pools, two churches, a "non-denominational" place of worship, a golf

course, a bowling alley, a multitude of conference rooms, a ballroom, a movie theater, a theatre, a pond, a library, one post office, and a grocery store. The community sponsors trips every week or so to the exotic locales of New York City, the Smithsonian and everywhere else on the East Coast that someone would want to take a trip to. There's a 30ft tall sculpture of a world at the front entrance dwarfing the surrounding landscape and welcoming only the invited within those guarded gates.

Entering the lobby of building number 3 on Leisure World Boulevard is kind of like entering a fancy hotel that you'll never be able to afford. There are plush sofas, mirrors everywhere, coffee tables, and very distinguished looking older people everywhere. You aren't even allowed to live in Leisure World until you're 55. It is the twilight zone; at 20 I feel like a baby and those who are below 60 are the adolescents of the place, rediscovering their youth, taking country line dancing classes, swimming classes, acting classes, and playing cards. My cheeks are pinched, or my head patted by every woman my grandmother introduces me to. I am the oddity. I sigh with relief at the sight of another grandchild, and they look back at me with the same expression of bewilderment and sadness, for they feel alone too. Sometimes though I'll misjudge, I'll see what I think is a grandchild or maybe even the child of a resident, a woman who from behind looks like she's in her late twenties or early thirties and then she turns and looks directly

through me with eyes that have seen the Second World War (maybe even as far back as the first) with more wrinkles than both my parents combined. Leisure World isn't just another world; it's a whole other planet.

The only living residents of Leisure World are those over the age of 55 and the swarms of geese. Why? I don't know, but birds love that place. Every car within fifty yards becomes target practice for a couple hundred resident Canadian Geese. They nest in the golf course, eat out of the "club house" dumpsters and stare forlornly at anything that walks.

My friends think that I've concocted Leisure World in my head. That it's nothing but make believe. To that I only laugh. They say it sounds like an amusement park with really comfortable rides. When I describe it they start making jokes about the kinds of rides that the senior citizens would want in their amusement park. I then sigh and cover my face with my hands. They picture wheelchair teacup rides, and gentle bungee jumps, Moon Castles with handrails and roller coasters that go neither up nor down. Leisure World is definitely not an amusement park, but for many it's a nice place to grow old. It makes me think of the time somewhere in the future when I'll be over the age of 55, and eligible to live in a place like Leisure World. When that day comes, and if I decide to live out the rest of my life there, they'll have to change the name to something other than Leisure World, maybe Fun World, or Big Old World, or Retirement World, or



TESTICLE FESTIVAL

ZAK
The Omnipotent Maniac

Have you ever really looked at your testicles? I looked at mine recently, and was appalled at what I found.

I've had my testicles for most of my 20 years, and while I'm familiar with their basic layout I've never until recently taken a detailed look at them. What I've discovered is that while practical and necessary, they are disgusting.

Most of you probably know what testicles are, but for those who don't allow me to fill you in. According to Webster's New World Dictionary, testicles are defined as either of two oval sex glands in the male that are suspended in the scrotum and secrete spermatozoa. While this is technically true, it fails to capture the spirit of my testicles. What's important to note is that my testicles aren't actually visible. They're encased in a sack of skin which Webster and I like to call the scrotum, which wraps my testicles in a neat little bag that hangs from my groin. What's nice about the scrotum is that it leaves enough extra space to let my testicles shift around as they need to, as opposed to keeping them tightly secured, which I imagine would be uncomfortable. This extra space can be used to arrange my testicles into all sorts of wondrous designs, the details of which will not be discussed here.

Now I know what you're thinking: "Gee, testicles sound like a lot of fun. I wish I had

some." I'm here to tell you that testicles have a big downside.

First, let's discuss testicle hair. Similar to many other parts of your body, testicles have hair growing out of them. However, testicle hair is an unpleasant breed of patchy, scraggly hair that stores all of the testicle odor for later use. Like the roots of a tree, each testicle hair causes the skin it grows from to push out the slightest bit, an unpleasant sight that when multiplied by hundreds of testicle hairs gives the appearance that my testicles are covered in hives or goose bumps of some sort. Disgusting.

On top of this, have you ever ripped out a handful of testicle hair? Sweet momma that's some pain.

The final and perhaps least enjoyable aspect of testicle hair is the effect a hot summer's day has on it. The nether regions of the body, generally being covered by at least two layers of clothing, have a habit of working

up a good sweat on a hot summer's day. Unavoidable and not worth complaining about. The problem is that testicle hair does its damndest to soak up and store all available body sweat, turning your groin into a sticky mass of matted hair. Shameful.

Another aesthetic blight on the testicles are the veins. A little known testicle fact is that a complex network of red and purple veins crisscross the scrotum, creating an unpleasant spider web effect. This vein-network is quite distracting when one is trying to examine one's testicles, and make your testicles appear unhealthy, like the testicles of a heroin addict.

Appalling. Combined together on an otherwise lovely package, the veins, the ball hair, the ball-hair-created false-hives, and the extra scrotum skin all make for two shockingly ugly testicles.

Didn't God realize that at some point people would notice how ugly He made the testicles? Was he hoping that just wouldn't come up? Well I say that a loving God would never have cursed humanity with testicles such as these.

Are these ugly groin-balloons a hidden punishment for humanity's fall from grace, one which the writers of Genesis never dared mention? In Eden were the testicles unblemished by such horrors? We may never know, and that is mankind's true curse.

And don't even get me started on the penis.



**"GEE, TESTICLES
SOUND LIKE A LOT
OF FUN. I WISH I
HAD SOME."**

24 NOVEMBER, 2000

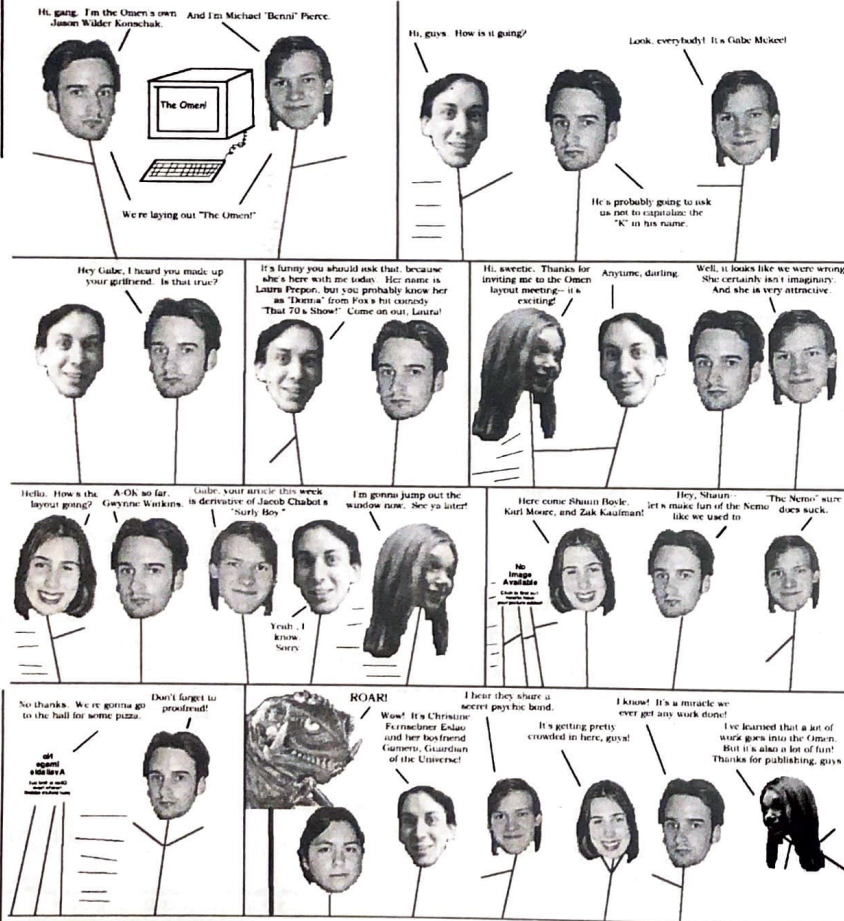
J'accuse!



GABE SPENT 2 AND A HALF HOURS ON THIS

BY GABRIEL MCKEE

My friends often ask me, "Gabe, what's it like being an *Omen* staff member?" So many people have asked me this that I've decided to present to you a dramatic reenactment of this week's layout meeting. No faces or names have been changed, because protecting the innocent isn't our bag. Everything you see is presented exactly as it happened—a little slice-of-life, that life being an *Omen* layout session. Enjoy.



THE ART OF JERKING OFF

Not being able to get off when you're "with" a girl is probably one of the most frustrating things a guy can go through. I sadly experienced this in the beginning of the year and boy is it tough! No, it's not that my balls turned blue, it's the anxiety that follows. When that baby fluid doesn't come out when it wants to those little puppies start messing with your head. I mean it literally. They get in your brain and let you know about it. You can't sit still, your legs start shaking, you feel paranoid and look around (around for what? I don't know. You just look around) If any other guy had been stuck you know what I am talking about. That is why every guy needs a "plan-b," a "back-up plan" (the same way you have a backup for documents, you just can't rely on your main tools). This is why I encourage the study of the "Art of Jerking-Off". YES it's an art! Girls don't know this, but jerking off is more than.... just jerking off. It takes patience, privacy, and practice (the three P's). A guy first needs motivation. In the first few (very few) steps after a guy decides

he's going to blow one off he first needs to imagine something (lets say) motivating. This is extremely tough especially if you don't have online access. For those who are not online, you still need to get pumped up. Shadow box, hop around, walk around in circles, do anything to get the blood pumping. If you have Internet access step 1 is a gimme.

If you are not looking to be seen, remember to close your shades, lock your door and write in your door pad that you are out to Saga. That's unless you want to add a little danger to your mono-sex life. If you do want to make it a bit more dangerous, you unlock your door and write "Welcome" on your door pad. NOW THAT would really get your heart pumping.

After you get something going, the most important thing to keep in mind is to "keep doing whatever it is you're doing". This is when practice comes into play. An amateur would get excited and blow it too early. A pro knows to take it easy. Find the right motion. This is when you sit back and let your instincts guide you. But be careful. You don't want a messy keyboard. This is why you have

something you are going to blow into. Once again, a professional would already have his piece of paper, napkin, or tissue at left-hand's reach. An amateur forgets about how it's going to end and gets messy. And remember, the last thing you want to do is to look around your room for something to bust in with your dick on your hand. I swear to you, this has to be one of the scariest moments in guy's life. You don't want to bust on your rug! (Hum....that could mean two things) Once you feel it, get ready. Relax, look up at your ceiling, droop your eyes and let the twitching begin. After that, tell your little puppies' goodbye, and remember to thank them. Now to dispose of them, just calmly walk to your neighbor's room, step inside, keep him/her busy and throw the tissue in his trash. Go back to your room and begin to take a relaxing nap (note: works best when you are having trouble sleeping).

Next entry: "Why Women Should Still Use Condoms On Cucumbers"



MARY MATALIN...

continuations

cent, neutral, precise, standing for this, describing that, meaning the other, so if you look after them you can build bridges across incomprehension and chaos."

Now if you want to use Mumia Abu Jamal to protest the lack of parity in the application of the death penalty or even it's inherent cruelty, that's one thing. Though you could probably find a more deserving candidate than a person convicted of killing a police officer. I know it is liberal chic to tell Daniel Faulkner's widow that she doesn't know the

facts of the crime, and cop bashing is always in vogue, but maybe it would be a good idea to not spit out your ignorance onto a flyer and plaster it around campus for everyone to see. Besides, you will just make me even more bitter. Trust me, no one wants that.

Until next time, I am patiently waiting for you to clean out your dorms and move to Quebec so I can appropriate the space for my late night escapades with the women of the Republican Party.



SPILLING ALL OVER THE GROUND

Falling down. Is there anything funnier than people tripping, stumbling over something, or falling flat on their face? I think not. My friend India has this wonderful story about a man she saw getting off a bus and falling. The story goes a little sumthin' like this - she was sitting at a bus stop waiting for a friend. A bus came up, and she saw this man in his mid-30's getting off. While he was walking down the bus's steps, both of his shoelaces managed to get caught on something, so naturally, he fell. He would have caught himself, had he not been carrying boxes in each hand/arm. So, to review, my friend India saw someone fall flat on their face getting off a bus.

Not too long ago, I was at a friend's house getting my drink on. I was with a bunch of other friends, and we were outside in the back yard at a fire pit drinking many beers. I decided to walk back to the house to get something with

my friend, and there is a little bit of a decline from the backyard to the house, and while walking (completely immersed in conversation, mind you), I slipped on the tiniest bit of wet grass, fell to the ground and immediately started rolling down the hill. I was rolling down the hill as if someone in their blissful youth might have done, and I'm a rather tall person, so I knocked down my friend and we both rolled to the bottom of the hill and burst out laughing. It was also funny to the 20-something others who saw it.

I once saw someone walking in the Prescott quad near the tavern, and they were wearing something alone the lines of stiletto heels. Apparently, karma kicked in and she paid for something bad she had done in the past, because for no apparent reason in the middle of

a medium/high paced trot, her heel just gave out on her and she just spilled all over the ground.

The best is when people are on ice or on roller skates. They're simply walking/skating, when for no apparent reason, one leg slips. They tend to either A. have each leg slip out from under them over and over so it looks like they're doing some russian kick dance, B. simply fall, or C. (my favorite) split like a ballerina oh so slowly.

So, unless someone gets hurt, or the victim is old, then falling down is perhaps the funniest thing ever. Next time you see someone fall, point and laugh. They'll try to play it cool on the outside, but you know they're hitting their forehead saying "STUPID! STUPID! STUPID!" on the inside.



**FALLING DOWN IS
PERHAPS THE
FUNNIEST THING
EVER.**

FROM THE EDITOR

continuations

factor, and the people would be better represented.

There are obvious problems with this scenario (such as at-large representatives), but this would be a good start to build a structure capable of including everybody in the system.

Before I sign off for this issue, I have two final notes I would like to make: 1) COMMUNITY COUNCIL MEMBERS NEED TO COMMIT TO OFFICE HOURS AND DO THEM OR ELSE THEY SHOULD RESIGN RIGHT NOW!! Oh yes, I've been checking on you, and there are certain members not doing their times. Believe me, the community notices these things as well. And 2) I once again want to reaffirm the fact that the *Omen* and *Omen TV* are not related in anyway other than (as the title sequence of *Omen TV* says) "... the name, but that doesn't count anyway."



SECTION LIES

GABE PRIDE

Sitting in the Whately at 12:30am it's easy to forget why Gabe ordering a small "diet coke" is so funny. Perhaps in the morning the humor will not be lost on me. I took a nap at 5:30 so I've been up for 5...6...7 hours now. Intense, acute, excessive, insignificant exhaustion. Lucidity but the dew on a crushed patch of crab grass ripped out a day earlier from its tera-aboud, thrown into the brimstone and peat-moss inferno that is a an Enfield compost pit.

Steeping the ground seeds of a berry
Drinking its neutered blood
What a savage ritual
"yes please, water too, Large"
Doughnuts are for pigs... I think

Hours later, under a warm, diffused lighting, memories of a "man" surrounded by others, only thing distinguishing, the petite amber glass before him, in a sea of gluttonous red insulin bombs, and the clove in his hand, awkward, never becoming part of anything homogenous.

Day 2
Still not funny. Why?
G
Ga
Gab
Gabe
Smoke in hand
Put out in sand
Stained fingers
Smell of spice
Kertek, Krackle, snap
Back to drink
Almost done
little sips
To stretch the fun

Day 3
Prudent to sleep now, probably?

Day 5
Taken to drinking Decaf
Contemplating last night alone
Missed planting season
Nothing reaped, nothing sown
Nothing thought, Nothing Known
But the searing, lonely
Image of a small cup to which
No one spoke
A shamed small glass of diet coke

BY ERIC FORCES



BY KARL MOORE

SOPHOMORIC AS SHIT

(WORDS BY MIKE ALTMAN. ALL IMAGES COPYRIGHT 2000 THE JIM HENSON COMPANY)

Through early morning fog I see
Visions of the things to be
The pains that are withheld for me
I realize and I can see

That [Refrain]:

Suicide is painless
It brings on many changes
And I can take or leave it if I please.

I try to find a way to make
All our little joys relate
Without that ever-present hate
But now I know that it's too late,

And [Refrain]

The game of life is hard to play
I'm going to lose it anyway
The losing card I'll someday lay
And this is all I have to say,

That [Refrain]

The only way to win is cheat
And lay it down before I'm beat
And to another give a seat
For that's the only painless feat,

'Cause [Refrain]

The sword of time will pierce our skins
It doesn't hurt when it begins
But as it works its way on in
The pain grows stronger - watch it grin

[Refrain]

A brave man once requested me
To answer questions that are key
Is it to be or not to be?
And I replied, "Oh why ask me?"

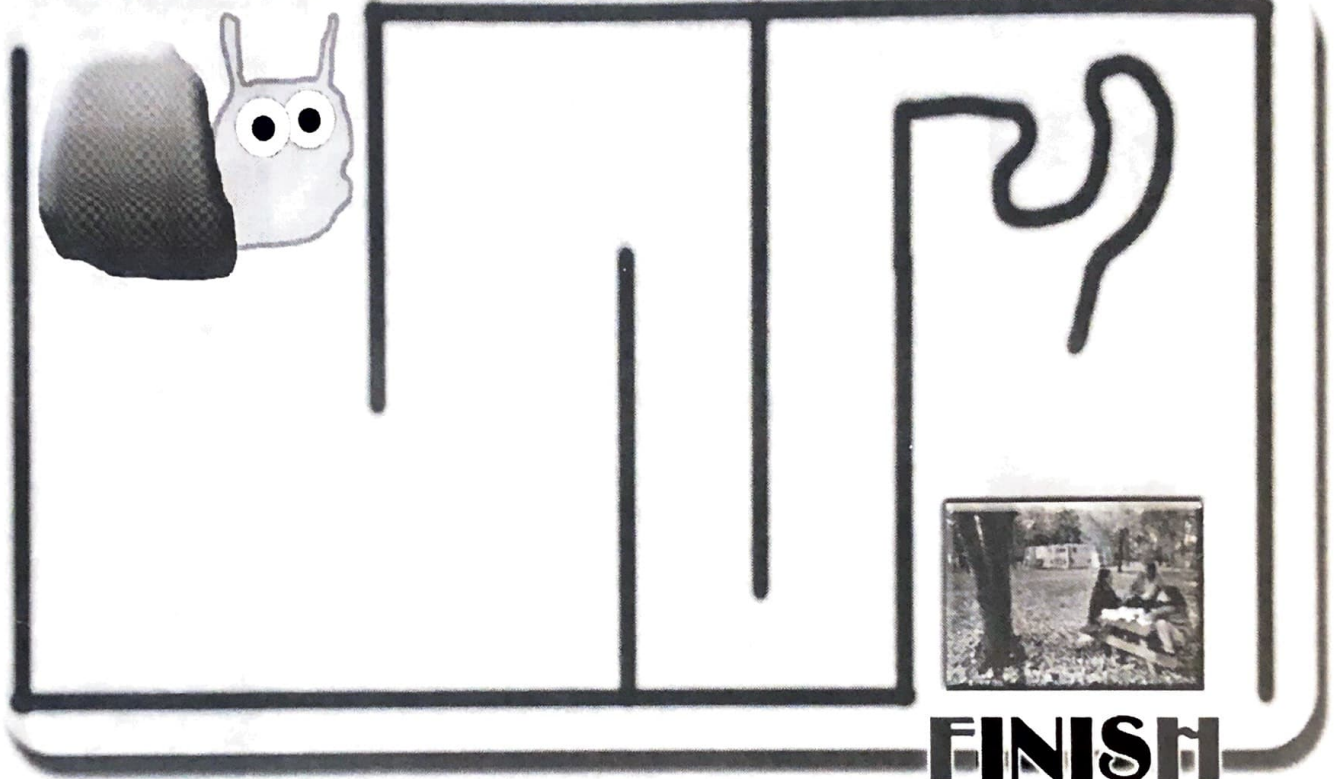
'Cause [Refrain]

And you can do the same thing if you please.

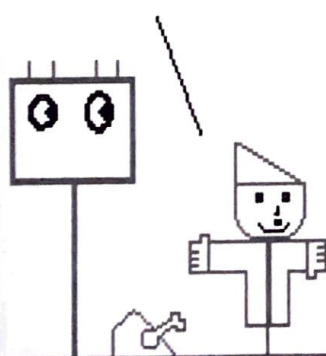


Help Sammy the Snail Get Back To His Small Experimental Liberal Arts College

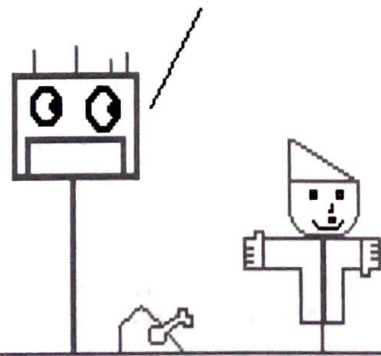
START



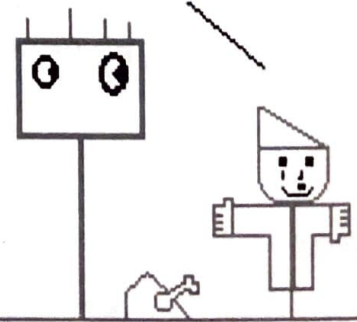
I have no family.



GIIIIIIIIIBLETS?!?



(sniff) Hmm... don't
mind if I do.



Screamin' Steven

BY KARL MOORE